

WHOLE NUMBER 7,929

A Petrified Body.

It is rumored now that the 1st R. regiment will shortly be mustered out. The boys are anxious to come home.

AN AMERICAN ASPIRANT

By JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.

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CHAPTER III.

The Constance Brandford whom Priscilla had known five years before had been one of those vivid, bright creatures who had set "all the other girls" by the ears at boarding school, and had finally come off in a (schoolgirl version) blaze of glory in search of a career. Priscilla had never heard how she had succeeded, nor what she had developed into, but she had scoured home newspapers for foreign correspondence concerning her, and finally had come to the conclusion that she was pursuing a modest if not the less enviable perfect experience abroad.

As she and Mary were ushered across an evil smelling antechamber into a dark and musty salon overfurnished with chairs and sofas evidently bought on occasion, artificial flowers grown dusty, and a clock under a glass case with the hands pointing five hours out of the way, it occurred to Priscilla that Constance had most certainly mastered the art of self-allegation with the rest—the "rest" Stormouth had spoken of. She had known Constance's home before she had lost her parents and, with their death, all means of support. It had been on the south side of Long Island, with a beautifully clipped lawn in front, a wide cave roofed piazza, a Queen Anne interior, and a little white nest of a room "for daughter," which overlooked a gigantic honeysuckle, a rose garden planted and tended by Constance's own hands, and a glimpse of the Great South Bay's blue waters showing like live lapis lazuli between the tops of silver gray maple leaves at the foot of the garden slope. This was indeed a contrast.

The door opened slowly, and a figure slipped quietly into the room. "Oh, Priscilla!" said a voice.

Priscilla stared forward quickly and kissed the tired, pathetic little face lifted to hers. Then she resented herself very suddenly, with a queer tight feeling about her heart.

"Why, Constance!" she ejaculated.

"How thin you've grown!"

"Have I?" said Constance's familiar voice indifferently. "Work, I presume."

"Where are you singing?" demanded Priscilla nervously. "I must go and hear you."

"I am looking for an engagement just now," said Constance dolefully. "It's the most forlorn business in the world."

"Why don't you go to Geoffrey and let him hear you?" suggested Priscilla hopefully. "You have such a lovely voice."

Geoffrey was the manager of the Grand Opera.

"It is very evident you have just come over," remarked Constance, with a faint smile.

"Where are you going for the winter? To Rome or Nice?"

"Didn't you know?" began Priscilla eagerly. "I am going to sing in grand opera."

Then she checked herself suddenly. To her astonishment and chagrin Constance was looking at her with exactly the same expression of benevolent amusement she had seen on Stormouth's face that first day they had made each other's acquaintance on the steamer.

"Oh!" said Constance. "What for?"

Priscilla blushed. "Because I wish to become a prima donna," she explained in a little lamely.

"Why?" asked Constance.

"You should know why," returned Priscilla reproachfully. "You know what it is to have a voice and to be consumed with the desire to sing."

"I know it to my cost," said Constance bitterly. "Go to Geoffrey! I have sung for Geoffrey. I have sung for them all. I have spent all my money. I have used up all my friends. I have exhausted my strength. I have waited, longed, passed sleepless nights, lived through tortured days of imagining, starvation and total annihilation, and still I am looking for an engagement."

"Is your voice gone?"

"No," said Constance. "There are too many of us; that's all. Besides, there is a prejudice against foreigners over here. They don't want us. It is not the way it is at home. We receive anybody who has merit and a foreign reputation. Here it is different. It takes—oh, Priscilla, it takes so many things I have never suspected. It takes the strength to withstand temptation, jealousy, spite, indifference. Besides, there are only ten stages in Europe today worth singing on where the directors pay. They don't desire ladies on them, they say. And yet we girls are coming over and coming over, some for a little work, more for vanity, many for that mad search after an unattainable chimera."

"And yet, when I sing—the little figure had risen; the gentle oval face, with its pretty uncertain outline and its hopeless eyes, took on a color and life which made it look once more the way it used to look—"and yet, when I sing, everything is forgotten. You don't know what rapture it is to hold 5,000 people with a note or a cadenza, to hear the applause which sounds far off like the patter of rain on a tin roof, to feel that wonderful power in you which comes with the sound of your own voice in a great space where the acoustic properties reward it for its best effort. You can't imagine what it is to feel that, after the days and months and years of strife and strain and inappreciation, you are at last in your only normal condition, the condition of song. All art is an uplift, but it seems to me there is no art so captivating as the art which returns to your listening ears the cadences of your own voice. It is a rarefied, novel sense which puts out forever the memory of post heartaches, albeit only for the time outlived and conquered."

"Don't, please," said Mary. "If you look like that when you sing, you would make me cry."

"When I sing!" Constance repeated. "But you can't imagine how painful all the practical part of the business is. To go around to the agents like a sale of goods to be appraised at one's market value! It is terrible!"

"I thought the agents came to you," said Priscilla.

"So did I," said Constance. "but they don't. You have to beg them for a

hearing. And most of them are mean—well, such men, Priscilla! I hate them." This she said with a hot flush, which faded instantly to make way for a sudden gray pallor.

"Why don't you take some one with you?" suggested Priscilla.

"I can't do poor. Besides, it would do no good. No one can help you but yourself. We live as we die, alone. We sign our own engagements. There is honor among thieves. It is the rarest thing in the world to find honor among vocal agents. They fleece American girls. They consider them their natural prey, and then they laugh behind their backs for having been gulled."

"Why don't you go home?" inquired Priscilla; then she drew herself up as she thought of Stormouth.

Constance shook her head. "I will never return now," she said, "until I am a success. You don't mind my being amused now when you speak of singing in grand opera, do you?"

"No," said Priscilla doubtfully. "But American girls have sung there."

"When they do," remarked Constance mournfully, "they are so badly treated they are glad to get away."

Priscilla seemed to see her beautiful dream vanishing like the sun behind a cloud.

"I don't mean to be discouraged," she said.

"You will be the only American girl studying in Paris who thinks who is not," returned Constance lazily.

"Listen! When you have consented to make singing your profession and are studying you must not go out nights. Dancing dries your voice. It weakens your vocal cords. You must not speak in the open air after singing. It gives you a sore throat. You must not eat nuts or certain vegetables. It makes you hoarse. You must not worry. It tires your voice. You must walk to keep up your strength. You must renounce all your friends in order to have time to work. You must hope against hope, because you must work against people who are ahead of you through their vile talent for the basest intrigues, with less accomplishments, with utter lack of refinement, with nothing holy or reverent in their purpose, with but one idea in their souls—to be seen. I have sung in Italy for nothing. I have sung in the provinces, where my managers made a fiasco and we were obliged to close the doors. My enemies say I was the cause. It is not true."

"It is awfully mournful," said Priscilla, with a little shudder, "but you are morbid, are you not? It seems to me if you could be heard by the right agent you would get on."

"That shows your ignorance," Constance affirmed sadly.

"What are you studying now?" asked Priscilla.

"I am going over old roles and waiting. We are all waiting. Every six months about four of us get an engagement, and the other 1,996 twirl their thumbs. Our youth is going; our voices are not getting younger."

"I would rather," suggested Priscilla, "go home and sing for my friends."

"That doesn't pay," returned Constance coldly.

"Wouldn't you sing in church?"

"My voice has been trained for the stage. It's the difference between wine and water, singing dramatically or singing otherwise."

"It's funny, isn't it," said Mary dreamily, curiously unaware of the inefficiency of her adjective, "it's funny, isn't it, that the one thing we wish to do in this world is nearly hardest to do?"

"That is just the reason we wish to do it," said Constance mournfully, wiping her eyes furiously. "I love the fight, but I can't imagine any one but a poor girl like me doing it unless it is necessary."

"Society is so hollow," said Priscilla. "You don't know how things have changed since you were home, dear. We are all going in for the higher life, such as art or mental science. Dancing and golfing are not enough."

"Yes," said Constance dubiously. Then she leaned forward and took the pretty speaking face between two tender hands.

"Do you know what I would like for you, Priscilla?" she said. "I would like to see you married and settled. Marriage is a woman's sphere. The rest is for us queer exotics who are tossed out to battle with the elements through the force of circumstances. I don't believe a woman, if she told the truth, would ever look for any 'higher sphere' than living for others if she found the right person to live for."

Priscilla frowned. "I suppose it would suit some persons," she said, "but I feel I was born for other things."

"I don't," said Constance firmly. "There are days when I long for a big brother or any one to protect me, to fight my battles for me; when I thirst for little children's arms. Fame does not bring happiness. Virtue is its own reward, but love is the reward we women want for merit. When we miss it, we have missed the great gift."

"But men have loved you?"

"There was a man who loved me once," said Constance, "but that was long ago. I had dreams, like you, Priscilla. I let him go."

"Is he married?"

"I don't know."

"Does he ever write you?"

"I sent him away. He has not the right."

"Does music make up to you?"

"No," answered Constance, with a sad smile. "No, a thousand times no."

Priscilla was silent. She was thinking of that look on Stormouth's face when he had said a few short minutes ago, "Not laughing at you, child; only looking at you." What had he meant?

Priscilla wished she had asked him.

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Then Priscilla turned to go.

"You had a debut, had you not?" she asked as she walked toward the door of the little salon.

"Yes."

"Was it a success?"

"Terrible," said Constance. "I was frightened. I realized it meant my whole future. When one realizes that—"

She stopped short with an eloquent and in her throat.

"Oh, do tell us about it!" cried Mary.

"Do," urged Priscilla.

"If you wish to hear it," said Constance simply. "It was at a little town in Italy, where nobody knew me. I sang well, I think. The papers said so. All the evening I felt as though I were listening to somebody else, as though I were hearing a voice which was coming to me across a dream. I once had when I was a little girl—a dream of singing before a great crowded house of foreign, unsympathetic faces. The voice seemed very sweet to me, but sad and not extra powerful. I sang Marguerite for having been gulled."

"Why don't you go home?" inquired Priscilla; then she drew herself up as she thought of Stormouth.

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
A spoonful of
Ivoryine
Washing Powder
in a pail of water and clean house
with scarcely a bit of trouble, or
do without Ivoryine and rub and scrub till your back
aches. One is cheap and easy... the other dear
and troublesome.
Every package of Ivoryine
has a cake of pure white
Glycerine Soap in it.

the vestibule their turn to see the managing editor.

Inside, the Count de Lacaze cursed the weather, rubbed his highly polished nails, and yawned undisguisedly. For the fiftieth time that morning he realized how much more than usual he was down on his luck.

The Count de Lacaze was fond of saying that, were the republic an empire, he would be, at the present day, instead of languishing in durance vile as reporter on the Figaro at 400 francs a month, enjoying the hunt with his satellites at Rambouillet, giving chateau parties, in Touraine or gambling furiously with a few kindred souls at his private laccarat table in his own magnificent hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. He found means to circulate pretty generally that he was a great personage wronged. His friends apparently accepted his statement, good humoredly patting him on the back, and bidding him have courage, only to smile wickedly afterward at what they denominated "De Lacaze's little delusion," for, whereas the count related vividly the history of his great-grandfather's once superb possessions, which their present heir recounted mournfully to have melted away in the time of the revolution like snowflakes before the sun, his listeners were masters of the fact that his ancestor's gold had played a hide and seek game with so called honor on the green baize tables of Monte Carlo and Baden-Baden both before and long after the date he mentioned.

The door opened, and a young man entered, dressed in the height of fashion. An eyeglass was gripped spasmodically within the recalcitrant muscles which surrounded the faded blue of his congested orb. A funny walking stick with a heavily carved knob, a pair of immaculate spats, which pronounced their wearer a blood of the first water, and a general air of the Paris gommeux—half sport, half dandy, wholly a type of the present generation—completed the picture. This class of a noble house seated himself on the arm of a chair, removed his immaculate tie from his overworked brow, and for several instants silently sucked the offensive knob of his cane. His eyes were fixed inquiringly and a trifle humorously upon the frowning countenance of the little room's unoccupied occupant.

Then he proceeded to light a cigarette, and having gilded from the arm of his chair down into its luxuriously cushioned leather seat he remarked with perhaps superfluous cheerfulness:

"Well, old man, what are you going to do about it?"

It may not be inconsiderate to explain that the aforesaid nobleman had in a moment of unguarded sympathy three months before bowed to his dejected friend the "reporter count," as he was known among his sporting contemporaries, a large sum of that filthy lucre man or woman is considered so insignificant without in the world's eyes, and so disproportionately significant are they so lucky as to be born with its flashing promise in their mints.

The night before at a world renowned club—a club which contained a private room in which fortunes were made and lost and with greater rapidity than on the New York Stock Exchange—the little dandy, he of the spats and the knobbed cane and the eyeglass, had looked his last upon his lions and had realized in the night hours, which in French parlance are said to "carry good counsel," his reporter count friend's absolute inability to make good to him a very serious loss. The duke had therefore concluded to beard the lion in his den. That the lion had the appearance of a shorn lamb that had spent a hideous night on the bald hillside of despair was to the little dandy a matter of the most profound indifference. He proposed to have his money by fair means or foul. Debts of a like nature were "debts of honor," he had only a few moments ago remarked piously to a friend to whom he had confided the entire lanceable occurrence. If De Lacaze had not "the decency to realize his obligations,"

THE BROWN STONE

Clark. New rent, R. 1., July 15, 1898. 7-23

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the name that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.

LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 24, 1898, *Samuel Pitcher M.D.*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PIANOS TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER

GRAM WYB AND LAID, AT

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Agency for the Mason & Hamilton Organs.

John Rogers,

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The Best is the Cheapest.

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Park and Green U.S.

Shocks, and are

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For Sale at

JOSEPH SHALL'S MARKET.

2 & 4 Washington Square, and 18

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BOOTS.

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots.

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

193 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

John B. DeBlois & Son,

Broadway Market.

MEATS

and

Groceries,

Poultry

Game,

Vegetables,

Fruits

and

Canned Goods.

No. 2 BROADWAY.

NEWPORT, R. I.

For Catarrh

Hay-Fever

Cold in

Head

ELLY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure.

Apply to the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed.

Apply to the nostrils or by mail, samples free, by mail.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure.

THE "SALTED" THE ATLANTIC

How the "King of the Golden Ocean" Dined Rich and Poor Alike.

RICHES FROM THE SEA.

Come to Him Indeed, But Not to the Many Two Confiding Stockholders.

The Ocean's Waters Contain Eighty Cents Worth of Gold to the Ton and the Reverend Jernegan Pretended to Have Invented a Means of Collecting It and So Acquiring Unltd Wealth—After a While He Took a Trip to Paris.

There appeared less than a year ago in certain seacoast towns of New England a strange man of humble demeanor who called himself Jernegan. He was a minister but without a pulpit, and from odd jobs of preaching he derived sufficient means to supply his modest needs. Yet poverty bore harshly upon him, and in his idle moments he dreamed weird dreams of wealth and luxury.

The sea spread before him. He knew that in its restless waters there was held in solution enough gold to place a gilded mask upon the face of the earth. In his chemistry he had learned that there was 80 cents' worth of the precious metal in every ton of the sea.

One day the unassuming Jernegan explained in strict confidence to a few of his neighbors that he had discovered a process for extracting the gold from sea water. His story was ridiculed. Not long afterward he constructed a contrivance in accordance with the theories he had so minutely described and set it in a tideway, where the water would pass through it freely on the ebb and flow. Three days later, in the presence of his skeptical friends, he opened the mill, and lo! there in the inner vessels was a thick crust of virgin gold. The neighbors marvelled but were not convinced, and so the experiment was repeated over and over again at intervals of a week—always, of course, with the profoundest secrecy.

The doubters doubted no longer. They had seen the empty tide mill placed in the water, had guarded it day and night against trickery and then had seen it opened—and there was always gold in it. The sea, had been conquered. But the King of the Golden Ocean alone knew the secret of it. He would not give up his priceless secret, but he would, though apparently with reluctance, sell a few blocks of stock and thus take his friends in on the ground floor.

Then the boom began. Buyers of the shares fell over one another in their eagerness to invest. Bankers, clam-diggers, merchants, ministers, dress-makers, day laborers and unemployed millionaires rushed forward with their money to purchase stock. And King Jernegan accommodated them all. More than \$1,000,000 was paid into the concern, and with part of this money "Plant No. 1" of the great scheme for squeezing the liquid gold out of the captive sea was built on the coast of Maine. Other mills were to be constructed at various points on the seaboard all over the world.

Meanwhile "Plant No. 1" performed wonders. On the first of every month the inner boxes were opened and found to contain metallic deposits which at the Government assay offices yielded an even \$2,000 of pure gold.

A few weeks ago a strange thing happened, says the New York Mail and Express. The chief chemist of the company, whose duty it was to make analyses of the Atlantic Ocean to see whether some spots of it were richer in gold than others, disappeared very mysteriously. Shortly thereafter King Jernegan himself vanished, going, as has since been learned, to Paris, accompanied by an enormous amount of money derived from his sales of stock in the ocean-mining scheme. At first the departure of these persons did not alarm the other members of the company. The latter said to themselves that "Plant No. 1" was still in operation, that the ocean with its liquid opulence still rolled at their feet and that the business would go right on as usual regardless of the absentees. But alas for human credulity! For when the treasure boxes of "Plant No. 1" were opened they were found to contain nothing but a small quantity of seaweed and an assorted odd of the deep, salt sea.

Nobody has any clear idea of what it is that has caused the sea to cease its monthly contribution of \$2,000 to the shareholders of the company. Some are so uncharitable as to suspect the absent Jernegan of having "salted" the Atlantic after the manner employed by speculators in bogus gold mines on land. Others openly charge that he is a pious fraud and swindler, while there are still others who intimate that he is no king at all but a base pretender and no gentleman. Nevertheless he is the King of the Golden Ocean, who, directly or indirectly, has made a snug fortune from the waters of the sea, and to those who chide him for his crafty enterprise he may pertinently retort that there is still plenty of gold in the rolling deep for those who know how to get it out.

There are two places in a newspaper where a man doesn't care to have his name appear—the obituary column and the police court record.

Summer girls think there should be enough naval engagements to go around.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept fully, convenient food and nutrient only will inflame it with a desire for knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

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GIRLS WIELD BROOMS

A HANDY AND NOVEL WAY TO DEVELOP THE ARMS.

Thin Girls Who Desire Rounded Arms Need Not Go to School of Physical Culture But Simply Sweep Hard Several Times a Day.

Those flowing sleeves for girls are unusually pretty this year, but, judging from a conversation I chanced to overhear the other day, they are driving the girls with scrawny arms to distraction. I didn't mean to play eavesdropper, but I'm glad now that I was within hearing distance, for I made a discovery which I am sure will be of interest. You see, the sleeves are very transparent, and that is why the group of girls seemed filled with woe. They were all talking about how thin their arms were and discussing tennis and golf as a means of rounding them out.

"Golf never in the world will do it, girls, nor tennis, either," exclaimed one plump looking miss—the only plump one, by the way, in the group. "Look at my arm," and in a trice she had unsnapped her cuff flaps and, while the pink plique sleeve to her shoulder, displayed a beautifully modelled arm, dimpling in soft rounded curves.

"Yes, but yours were gifts of the gods," cried a scrawny one. "You don't know what it means to be bothered about them."

"I do, too! Wasn't I almost a scarecrow a year ago? You remember how thin I was for months after I left school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care a fig whether I had plump arms or skinny ones."

"But do tell us what you did do finally to bring about such lovely curves?"

"I not only 'did,' but I still 'do' it every day of my life. Now don't laugh when I tell you that I have swept my sitting and bed room five times every morning since last August. Haven't you noticed that housemaids nearly always have rounded, shapely arms? The idea popped into my head one day while Nita was sweeping the halls. She had her sleeves rolled up, so I saw her arm from shoulder to wrist, and it was the most beautiful in symmetry that I have ever seen."

"I just didn't wait another minute, but bounded up the stairs into mamma's room and told her I had made a discovery, and that she must go right down town and order a load of imported brooms. I began that very hour. I swept my room over and over again. It tired me most to death, too. My back ached, my head hurt and the next morning I found the muscles of my arms were so sore I could not dress myself."

"In a week's time I noticed an improvement. My arms were more firm, and before a month had gone by I was in the seventh heaven of delight. But, just think, girls, I haven't neglected this exercise but twice since I began, and then I was on a sleeper going and coming from Chicago."

"Of course, it's an awful bother, but when one considers the comfort it brings, why, you never once think about that. I just hop out of bed into my cold plunge, and then the sweeping comes right after. It really is a tip-top exercise for one all over, too. My cheeks are all aglow when I finally poke the broom away."

"How many brooms do you reckon I have worn out? Just five, that's all, and my carpet has been renovated twice. So, you see, it is not any more economical than going to a physical culture madame, but it's a deal more gratifying in the end."

"But how on earth do you do it," asked one of the thin girls. "I don't know how to hold a broom."

"Hold it the best way you can. That's all the information I can give," laughed the plump girl. "But you want to buy those with good leather sticks, because they do not cramp one's hands so. You must wear chambray gloves, or your palms will be blistered, and get some silk dust caps to slip over your hair. You've no idea how funny one looks gotten up so. And if you go to work with a long skirt on it will make you ever so tired dragging it around over the floor. Put on a golf skirt; they are just lovely for sweeping."

The thin girls were profuse in their thanks, and went away rejoicing.

Moralists may prate, and doctors prose, and science shout from the house-tops, but it is so long as the birds sing and the flowers bloom, and a maiden's lips are cherry-red, and a young man's eyes look love, just so long the ladies will kiss and kiss again.

And where, good men, is the harm if the kissers and kissées be healthy, and true love stands sponsor. It is only when ill-health has entered the sanctity of youth that death lurks upon its lips. The deadly germs of dread consumption are as harmless as June-time butterfies to the young man or woman who is thoroughly clean, sweet and healthy in every fiber and time. The germs of dread consumption are as harmless as June-time butterfies to the young man or woman who is thoroughly clean, sweet and healthy in every fiber and time.

There is a great medicine that is a sure and certain protection against all germs and a speedy cure for all germ diseases. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives youth to the appetite. It corrects all faults of the digestion. It aids assimilation. It fills the blood with the vital, life-giving elements of the food. It builds sweet, clean, healthy tissues in every part of the body. It drives out all disease germs. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of bronchitis, throat and lung affections if taken in time. All good medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

Mr. Joe Henderson, of 544 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I was afflicted for some two years, suffering from dyspepsia, a tired feeling, and loss of energy and appetite. I tried one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and found great relief. I took two more bottles, and in all, and one or two more of the 'Pellies,' when I was in good health again. I received the Golden Medical Discovery to do all that it is claimed to do."

A man or woman who neglects constitution suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a gentle laxative, and two mild cathartics. All medicine dealers sell them. No other pills are "just as good."

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Woman's Dep't.

"Peace With Honor."

The women of America are heartily desirous of peace with honor, but not of the sacrifice of principle. The United States government is under the strongest obligation to the oppressed populations of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. We declared war as champions of the struggling against the cruel domination of Spain. We have received important aid in our enterprises from Garcia and Gomez and Aguinaldo. And yet these all are treated with coldness and distrust. They have been excluded from the offices of Santiago and Manila, which they helped us to capture. Their sacred right of revolution against Spain has been practically ignored. The defeated Spanish authority has been maintained in Havana to the extent of collecting customs, and even of imposing prohibitive duties on Red Cross supplies in aid of the starving Cubans within the Spanish lines. In fact the Cubans and Philippines are being treated as if they were conquered rebels, while their Spanish oppressors are maintained in power as if they were still the legitimate rulers.

This defiance to Spanish authority has gone so far as to encourage Sagasta seriously to ask American consent to the despatch of a Spanish fleet to the Philippines to coerce the Philippines. Some of our daily papers openly advocate the restoration of the Philippines to their cruel Spanish tyrants, and our purchase of government and church property in Cuba and Porto Rico as a means of the possible recovery of peace. Against all these miserable concessions of principle let every honest man and woman protest. The lives of our brave soldiers on battlefield and in camp and hospital will have been worse than wasted if Spanish colonial authority is allowed to remain. If President McKinley, in his peace negotiations, concedes one lot of captured colonial territory, or one dollar of money compensation to Spain, or one acre of land, in substance to the State, Congress will probably refuse to ratify the bargain.

Peace with honor means a recognition of the insurgents of Cuba and the Philippines as friends and allies, to be honored and respected for years of suffering and outlawry. Immediate possession of the islands, with their outposts, tombs and harbors and civil authority, should be a condition of the continuance of the armistice. Torture and dilatory diplomacy should be firmly refused. Home rule for the Indies under an American protectorate, is the only honorable outcome of existing complications.—H. H. N.

Brought the Cat from Ireland. The first Irish cat ever brought to this country by an immigrant arrived recently on the Cunard liner Sorvia, and naturally enough the fact that an immigrant should take the trouble to bring such a possession three thousand miles or more attracted considerable attention among the Barge Office officials. The immigrant who left home and country behind, but who would not leave the cat, was Mrs. Mary O'Sullivan, of Hallybuston, County Kerry, Ireland. In talking of her cat, she said: "Sure, me darling, O! hated to leave the cat, but Ireland is now a poor country, and I don't see how I can keep it. I gave it to my son, who is now in America, so O! he will come over to spend me last days with them. O! was sad indeed when O! had to leave the cat, but I was born in, and me mother afore me, so O! couldn't bring the cat, but O! brought the kitten. You know O! couldn't leave the poor thing behind me, as the neighbors wouldn't care for puss to be so far away. An' I was so good a housewife as was ever invented. O! hope yez have no laws again farrin kittens in this country, because she is well-mannered, an' wouldn't harm no one."

Red Cross and Red Tape. There has been a good deal of apparent friction between the Red Cross and the medical authorities of the army, but we are inclined to think that it has been more apparent than real. We know that many of the best surgeons of the army have accepted the Red Cross aid and relief, not only willingly but gladly, and have not hesitated to come from the front by regular surgeons' trains to the efficiency of Miss Barton and her aids. A good deal of trouble has been caused by this red tape system prevailing in the army, but this system is not to be charged to the medical department, although it is responsible for much, or to any executive department. It comes from the disposition of Congress to interfere in every administrative function of the government. The result of this interference is that not a single one of our hospitals or departments of the property of the government used, without following certain minute directions contained in statutes, except at the personal risk of the man primarily responsible. An instance of the petty character of Congressional interference in administrative functions is furnished by a story, which we have recently heard, of an officer who hired a tug in an emergency for the purpose of hauling into the stream a ship that was on fire, and which threatened some very valuable government stores upon the wharf, which was in his charge. This was illegal—that is, unconstitutional on the part of the officer, who, under the law, should have advertised for bids for hauling out the vessel. The consequences to him were very unfortunate. He paid the captain of the tug out of his own pocket, and a grateful country—meaning Congress—did not appropriate the money to pay him until two years had gone by. The medical department is hampered and tied up, as all other administrative departments are, by Congressional acts, such as that which made this officer smart for his diligence. The Red Cross has encountered this kind of entanglement, and we trust that its officers and aids know where the responsibility lies. As to the Red Cross itself, and Miss Barton in particular, most noble work has been done, great self-sacrifices have been made, and enormous good has been accomplished. Miss Barton is one of the heroic figures of this war, and the suggestion that she should be the first woman ever thanked by Congress is an worthy of serious consideration.—Harper's Weekly.

"Miss Willing," began the young man, as he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, "are you fond of stories?"

"If they are new, Mr. Woodby," replied the fair maid, "I simply dote on them."

"But the one I was going to tell you, 'Miss Willing,' is an old story," said the young man. "It is I might say, Miss Willing—er, Clara—the old, old story, but—"

"O! never mind, George, even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I have never heard it. Go on, please."

"True! It is stranger than fiction." "That's right! Lots of people would know it on sight,"—Chicago Record.

For American Honor. It is undoubtedly true that, while other nations may scoff at the Germans, the refinement of the German people over approached their official class in the ability to be offensively boorish at will. The petty—or, rather, the gross—annoyances heaped upon Admiral Dewey in Asiatic waters are well known. But Dewey had a definite programme understood and approved at Washington. While no praise can be too high for his steadfastness of decision and dead after his last act was only the removal of an obstacle.

There was a time when an American officer, far from cable communications, and without a radio, felt it his duty to act on his own responsibility as an ambassador to a definite German programme.

The man who represented us at Simons in 1898 was Commander (now Captain) Robert Leary, better known among his friends as "Happy Dick." He is one of the grittiest men in the navy, and has a decisiveness and fearlessness of character that made him potentially a national hero needing only the large opportunity.

Everyone remembers that little tea party tragedy in Samoa, when the German fleet at land grabbing was foiled by its own smallness and timidity. There was a contest for a minute or two in the abduction and exile of the old kinglet, Malietoa, who sacrificed everything to preserve his people in peace and succeeded only in bringing on a bitter war. For Germany depicted Malietoa on a flimsy pretext and set up a toy pretender, Tamasese, a cooie so rank that almost the whole nation rose up against him and supported Mata'afa, the legitimate overlord.

The Americans tried to remain neutral, but they could not stomach Tamasese. Commander Leary represented us there with the obsolete vessel, the Admire. His ship was the only foreign warship in those waters, except the German Adler. The Adler, a much more powerful ship, was commanded by a captain, overzealous in his work and even more offensive in doing it than Dewey's neighbor, Diederich.

On one occasion the German fleet, the Adler with a native chief tied to his forearm, his salute was not answered. As stopped ship and sent off a boat to know why. Book came the particularly Leary's answer:

"The United States does not salute vessels engaged in the slave carrying trade."

This pleased the German immensely and his fondness for Captain Leary increased. He, after the war, and his wife, occupied only by woman and children and tending the war honors of the puppet Tamasese, and you, the following epistolary visit was received from the American:

"Such action, especially after the Tamasese party had been represented as a strong government, not needing the armed support of a foreign power, appears to be a violation of the principles of international law as well as the isolation of the general recognized laws of humanity."

Now the foreign representatives met and agreed on neutrality and the establishment of a neutral zone. Soon after this the Germans advertised for bids for the removal of a bridge partially wrecked by storm. The destruction of this bridge would give the Germans a certain strategic advantage. Captain Leary read the notice, tore it down with his own hand, set a guard of marines and had the bridge rebuilt by his own carpenters.

A few days later the Germans paid another tribute to common humanity. The crew of the Adler fired two rifle volleys into a canoe party of naked and unarmed natives. The fact that several of the shots struck about the houses of foreign residents outraged the principles of humanity. An act which Captain Leary characterized, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, as "a most distasteful disregard for the safety of human life, as well as a cowardly breach of faith and neutrality." He wrote practically the same thing (translated into only more formal terms) to the German captain.

But "Happy Dick" was more than a ready letter writer. He showed that he was a man of dispatch, that "cuteness mixed with absolute fearlessness" that makes the American matchless as a fighter.

The evening of November 14, 1898, a runner came from Mata'afa, informing Captain Leary that the Germans had threatened to attack a stronghold which Mata'afa had established on land under American protection. The Adler was to be hoisted at dawn. Captain Leary quietly ordered all his officers aboard, and knowing that if the Germans saw him get steam up, they would postpone the attack until some time when the Yankee was unprepared, made use of a trick worth two of itself. He had a little autostrade on board, and by carrying live coals from his galley was able to start very slowly, surreptitiously fire under one boiler after another. By midnight he had full steam up, without attracting the attention of the Germans. Then he notified his anchor chain. All hands were quietly called to quarters at 4 in the morning.

Suddenly, before daylight, the German anchors came rattling up. Up came Leary's anchors silently. The Germans made a dash for the open. To their amazement the bewitched Yankee craft was after them. The Teuton turned toward the threatened fort. The Yankee darted in between the Germans and the shore and kept steadily on. Then Capt. Leary cried:

"Clear for action!"

And his ship was straightway striped with the stars and stripes. The other followed suit, and it looked as if a war with Germany was to begin then and there.

Opposite its destination the German ship came to a stop. Leary anchored between the Adler and the shore. Then he lowered a boat and sent a note to the German Captain. The note said:

"I have the honor to inform you that, having received information that American property in the Lagoon vicinity of Simons, Agaña and San Jose is liable to be invaded this day, I am here for the purpose of protecting the same."

For four the crew stood at their guns and glowered, while the German Captain fumed and pondered, knowing that to fire on the fort he must first over his little ship. But first he would, he was afraid to "see" the Yankee's "raids."

At length he weakly started on a cruise down the coast. Capt. Leary would not be shaken off. He followed the German wherever he went; and, finally, he escorted him back to the harbor, where both anchored. The King of France had marched up the hill and down again.

For this determined stand Captain Leary received personal thanks, a high piece in the regard of his fellow-officers, and a gold watch from his native land. He was a man of great knowledge and was not moved up any number in the list. And yet the honor of the country had been in his lonely charge, in mid ocean; and he had quitted him like a man—like an American.

Capt. Leary was afterward for some years commander of the ram Kitchin, a naval experiment in which he had supreme confidence and in which he was

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Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.



MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE. There was held on Monday afternoon the usual monthly meeting of the Court of Probate. An inventory of the personal estate of Henry F. Teber, presented by Charles H. Ward, his administrator, was allowed and ordered to be paid from the estate of Thomas C. Hammond, a deceased son of the late George T. Hammond. There were the only two estates on which any action was taken.

The session of the Town Council held on the same afternoon was more fully occupied and quite a large batch of accounts, aggregating \$338.50, were examined, allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

The bids for improving the four sections of highway marked out for stoning this autumn were opened, and two contracts were awarded to James Corrigan and two to J. Overton Peckham. Michael F. Shea was accepted as surety on the bonds of Corrigan and Charles A. Peckham on the bonds of J. Overton Peckham. The bids received were as follows: For stoning 1000 feet of the West Main road, near to its junction with Forest avenue, James Corrigan, \$780; John Kirby, \$744.70; J. Overton Peckham, \$760.00. For stoning 1000 feet of the Wyck road, opposite the Ogden farm, J. Overton Peckham, \$436; V. A. Vanhook, \$675; John Kirby, \$714.00. For stoning 1000 feet of Green End avenue, opposite the farm of Christopher S. Peckham, James Corrigan, \$390; J. Overton Peckham, \$416; John Kirby, \$447.40. For covering this 1000 feet of highway with crushed stone, J. Overton Peckham bid \$1.53 per ton, James Corrigan, \$1.73 and John Kirby, \$2.45. For grading and stoning 1000 feet on Paradise avenue, James Corrigan bid \$1073.50; J. Overton Peckham, \$1114.80 and John Kirby, \$1320.

The work on the West Main road and Paradise avenue, the two most extensive jobs, fell to James Corrigan as the lowest bidder, the two sections on Wyck road and Green End avenue were given to J. Overton Peckham, as also the lowest bidder.

LITTLE COMPTON.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Court of Probate and Town Council the business transactions were: Notice ordered on the annual account of Job Wordell, guardian of James Henry Almy, Lillian A. Dunbar ordered to State farm.

Bills allowed and ordered for payment given: Asa D. French, att'y, profes-

sional services, \$10; Samuel B. Gray, surveyor, \$20; Gershon Wardell, surveyor, \$20; Charles R. Wilbur, attorney to the poor, \$1; F. G. Cressie, M. D., professional services, \$3.00; William H. Briggs, overseer of the poor, \$20; George A. Lemington, fuel for school, \$21; lumber, \$57.73; school supplies and repairs on school house and drawing lumber for the same, \$34.73. Voted, that George T. Howard be a committee to have guide boards placed on necessary places, also to see that the bridge railing is fixed by George H. Brownell's house.

Voted, to allow each surveyor \$25. Abel B. Simmons appointed a committee to have necessary curtains put up in the Hall building.

Warship Visitor Knew It All.

Visitors to warships, while always treated with the utmost courtesy, are sometimes frightfully misapprehending. At Hampton roads a party of four women were peering about the Texas one afternoon. One of them acted as a censor for the others, and talked incessantly in a shrill voice, frequently mentioning that she had always loved the sea. She was full of nautical terms, and from them about in the most bewildering fashion. Coming to a capstan, she sat down with the remark: "And this, my dear, is the binnacle."

Capt. Phillip, who was standing by, had listened with equanimity to many such remarks, but this was the last straw.

"If beg your pardon, madam," he said, "but on this ship we call that the capstan."

Up jumped the woman, with flaming cheeks. "I don't know, sir," she cried, "that I know a binnacle from a capstan, and this, sir, is a binnacle. I have dotted on the sea all my life."

"Madam," said Phillip, with his hat in his hand, "I beg your pardon again. I made a mistake. It is a binnacle. It must be a binnacle. It shall be a binnacle. If I ever hear of my men calling it a capstan hereafter I will put them in the brig."

The woman turned to a young cadet glittering in gold lace as Phillip, in his civilian dress, disappeared down the companionway.

"Who is that man?" she asked.

The young cadet was soft of heart, though hard of muscle. He didn't tell her. —N. Y. Sun.

Miss Nancy Letter has been selected by Governor Tanner as the sponsor of the new battleship, Illinois, which is to be launched on October 4. Miss Letter is tall and slender, with violet eyes and fair hair. She is decidedly literary in her tastes. She has enjoyed several seasons of popularity in Washington and London. She is a young woman of fine poise of mind and is quite capable of deciding for herself as to whether the ship shall be baptized with champagne or with water. The women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union have already sought an interview with Mrs. Letter for the purpose of enlisting her influence, but neither she nor Miss Letter have expressed any opinion upon the subject. Miss Letter has been called one of the three most beautiful women in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Griffith have returned from a trip to the White Mountains.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK. OUR GUARANTEE.

Close Inspection

of quality and prices on
Clothing, Hats, Caps and
Men's Personalities.

will convince you that we give more for the money than anybody else in town. We're showing the handsome kind of Men's Brackets and Dress Suits at \$10, \$12 and \$15. Suits that fit and give satisfaction.

Model Clothing Co.,
192 & 194 THAMES ST.

"Tyrant!" vociferated the prisoner. "I refuse to bend the knee." The tyrant was in a pious mood. "That is the sort of stuff I like to see in a man," said he. "If you won't bend the knee, may I invite you over to Hen-

ry's place to crack your elbow?" "I've had an idea in my head for weeks." "It must have been very lonely."

Town Topics.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Rhode Island will hold its convention on at the First Baptist church, Spring street, on October 12 and 13. There will be more than one hundred delegates present and it is expected that this session will be one of the most interesting in the Union's history. Among the speakers will be Madame Barakat of Syria. She is an intensely interesting speaker, giving graphic word pictures of life in the far East, and of the blessedness of gospel living. She will give a Bible reading at noon on Wednesday the 12th, and an address the same evening. Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis is well known for her work in W. C. T. U. Hues at National Conventions, and recently in connection with the temperance system in the soldiers camps. She is a clear, logical, spirited speaker, and all who hear her are pleased. She will give a Bible reading at noon on Thursday the 13th of October, and a fine address the same evening. We hope to see many Newport people there.

Saturday evening shortly after seven o'clock steamer City of Newport ran her bow on a shalving rock on the west side of Coasters' Harbor Island, but was gotten off and reached her dock without assistance and with but slight damage.

Monday was pay day at Fort Adams and the soldiers of the 4th regiment aided by the sailors from the vessels in the harbor ran to things lively about town that night. The police were kept pretty busy all the evening.

Mr. F. Ansel P. Freeman has gone to Lakewood, N. J., for the winter.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

DeBols & Eldridge have sold for the heirs of the late Elizabeth K. Asatur the land together with the dwelling and stable situated on the northeast corner of Bellevue avenue and Old Beach road to Mr. W. W. Tompkins of Lakewood, N. J.

Simeon Hazard has rented for the owner, Henry B. Hazard, the cottage at No. 19 Lincoln street, to Charles E. Puckham for a term of years.

Simeon Hazard has sold for the estate of John Brown, deceased, the two tenement houses and lot at No. 14 Newport avenue to Carl A. Liedroth and wife. This lot is bounded northerly on Newport avenue, 30 feet; easterly on land formerly of Anne A. Chace, 81 feet; southerly on land of Elizabeth A. Stevne and land of Robert B. and Sarah Rose, 30 feet; westerly on land of Lydia A. Watson, 81 feet.

Simeon Hazard has sold for Sidney B. Gladding and wife, their estate at No. 8 Pleasant street to Mrs. Sarah A. Bristol of New York City. This estate comprises a dwelling house, stable and 4,072 square feet of land and is bounded northerly by Pleasant street, 60 feet; easterly by land of Hattie S. Ware, 83 feet; southerly by land of the heirs of Maria R. Hubbard, 50 feet; and westerly by land of William Shepley, 75 feet.

DeBols & Eldridge have rented for Mrs. C. F. Chickering her Bellevue avenue place "Sunnyside" to Mr. H. B. Duryea for the summer of 1899. This will be the third season Mr. Duryea has occupied this place. The same firm also reports that Mr. William R. Traverser will occupy the Parker Cottage on Parker avenue and Mr. Henry T. Sloane the "Carey Place" on Nanagansett avenue, rented by them.

William C. Elliott has sold to Alexander J. McIver, a lot of land measuring 49 feet on Elliot Place by 84 feet deep.

DeBols & Eldridge have rented for the estate of Charles F. Lyman the cottage on the northerly side of LeRoy avenue to Mr. Robert Sedgwick of New York for the season of 1899.

John Whipple has rented for the King estate the cottage in the rear of the King block, on Bellevue avenue, to Mr. Carl Berger of New York, for the summer of 1899.

Simeon Hazard has sold for Benjamin N. Lake of North Abington, Mass., his cottage and lot at No. 17 Calvert st. to Francis S. Barker. The lot is bounded northerly by Calvert street, 42 feet; easterly by land of Anders Anderson, 42 feet; southerly by land of Frank L. Peckham, 42 feet; and westerly by other land of the grantee, F. S. Barker, 42 feet.

John Whipple has rented for the King estate the cottage in the rear of the King block, on Bellevue avenue, to Mr. Carl Berger of New York, for the summer of 1899.

John Whipple has rented for Mrs. Hazard, her cottage on Parker avenue, to Mme. Poltema of New York for the season of 1899.

The spotted deer at Roger Williams Park evidently has a very bad temper, for a short while ago it attacked one keeper while he was endeavoring to free the animal which had become entangled with a rope and on Tuesday the same animal, without cause or warning, attacked Sam Sloman, another keeper, when that gentleman entered the deer enclosure to feed the deer. The animal rushed upon Sloman, knocking him down, goring him in the back, giving him a severe cut over one eye and inflicting a number of bruises. The animal was finally secured and it was found necessary to take fourteen stitches in the wound in Mr. Sloman's hand and one over the eye.

New Advertisement.

FARM WANTED. Near Newport, in exchange for a small farm near Boston. This farm is valuable for agricultural purposes or for building lots, being in close connection with Boston by railroad and trolley.

Particulars on application to R. C. DERBY, 188 Bellevue Ave. 9-21

Entirely New PIANO BOXES FOR SALE.

PRICE, \$2.50. J. H. BARNEY, JR., & CO., 124 Thames Street. PIANO DEALERS.

Newport Casino.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASON. COMMENCING SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 10.

Morning Concerts Daily, Except Sunday, 8 from 11 to 1:30.

EVENING CONCERTS, Sunday and Wednesday, Beginning at 8 o'clock.

CASINO THEATRE.

Music and Dancing Monday and Friday Evenings, from 9:30 to 12:30.

Musie by Malloy's Orchestra. JOSEPH BARRETT, Jr. Supr.

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DO YOU SPEAK SOFTLY?

You Can Be Taught to Control Your Voice and Adapt It to the Occasion You Enter.

Do you speak softly? Has your voice precisely the proper pitch, and can it adapt itself on the instant to the room you suddenly enter? Have you learned that you must never whisper in a church—for whispering is always very audible there—but speak in a low, firm tone? Can you laugh properly and daintily, as an ideal girl should? Can you control your voice, using one tone for one occasion and another for another, at will? Can you talk animatedly and with enthusiasm, without throwing your arms about, your head too far back and without moving your body?

For if you cannot say yes to all these questions you are not a perfect and properly modern girl. There have been many criticisms, as well as praises, levelled at the American girl, and one of the chief of these has been for years that she talked too loud and too often did not modify her voice when occasion called. Now, American fathers and mothers say the time has come for reform, and the new cult of speaking softly has been started.

A foreign woman, continental to her finger tips, who has the softest, prettiest voice herself—Mme. Mendos—was the apostle of this new cult, and to her "studio," on Fifth avenue, come each day troops of girls, singly or in classes of six and eight, that they may be in the fashion. It is, in fact, a rage in a mild way. Only those girls blessed by nature or by very early training with voices that are properly fashionable can afford to keep out of the procession, and all the others of the sets wend their way daily to the "studio."

It is not alone by example—though example has a great deal to do with it—that the cult of speaking softly is taught. The girls ranged about her, Mme. Mendos asks each of them to speak in her ordinary conversational tone. Then, stepping to the piano near by, she strikes a note. If high in the treble it is meant for a girl whose tones are naturally harsh and guttural; if down in the bass, for a girl who speaks shrilly and in a half scream.

"That for you," she says, singling out a girl. "Now try and see how close you can pitch your voice to that."

No exact point of meeting is there and no similarity of tones sought after, but the deep voice and the shrill one, the nasal voice and the voice that seems to come from the bottom of the throat, are cajoled and pulled along until they commence to lose their disagreeable peculiarities and are on somewhat common ground.

Now, this is but the preface. It is not so much the object of the cult to change voices as it is to control them. And yet the two go together in a measure. Once, by this plan of nasal gymnastics, a girl can alter her tones at will, it is a simple thing for her to learn to speak softly. She comes to learn that by raising her voice hardly at all she can make her tones "carry" to a marvelous degree. She is taught the difference between scenes, how there is one tone for public assemblies, another for parlors, a third for still smaller rooms and yet another for the street.

As completely as it she were taking singing lessons this system of the new cult of speaking softly range her voice up and down, keeping it meanwhile (if there is a tendency either way), out of her throat and her nose, until she is complete mistress of her tones, all the while holding forward as the main object soft speaking.

Women Reorganizing.

Chief among the tendencies of the moment as regards representative New York women is a most marked idea of economy. Economy in every way, even to the saving of the pennies, let alone the dollars, has come to be a growing enthusiasm. That this is not a theory but a genuine condition, and that women, with the biggest sort of incomes are actually practicing what they preach, can be learned from all the prominent tradesmen, as war is making many of them genuinely blue for the accounts of many of their best customers are falling decidedly off.

The idea of the day is that the country may sooner or later need money; that at all events scores of new charities and aid societies will probably spring up, and that they themselves should begin to save now in order that they may be prepared when the call for funds comes. That is the feeling among the women of the "sets," and they are showing their willingness to be ready to make all sorts of little sacrifices.

This has not been told in print for the reason that these women have, naturally, not talked about it, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. The average woman of fashion is having about a third as many new gowns as usual, and she is buying far less in the way of fripperies and novelties. A much smaller quantity of goods is being ordered daily from the butcher, the baker and the grocer, and there are some women who are actually keeping a close watch on the sugar and butter in their pantries, to see that neither of these articles is wasted. This, on the part of women who have never done such a thing in all their lives before. Servants are being discharged and establishments quietly reduced.

Miss Louise Hortense Snowden of Philadelphia, who received the degree of Bachelor of Science in June, was the first woman to receive honors at the University of Pennsylvania for a full four years' college course. She also received the first prize for the best preparations illustrating the many or embryology of any animal.

"No, Herbert, I am sorry; but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."

"You remind me so much of my poor, dear, first husband!"

"You remind me of him altogether too much, my dear,"—Brooklyn Life.

Two men, holding a Broadway cable car.

The conductor, jangling his bell violently: "Hurry up! Step lively there! First man, as he leaps on our platform, gasping for breath: 'Well, choose it! We're in just as much of a hurry as you are.'—New York Press.

Racing Repartee.

"Two men, holding a Broadway cable car. The conductor, jangling his bell violently: 'Hurry up! Step lively there! First man, as he leaps on our platform, gasping for breath: 'Well, choose it! We're in just as much of a hurry as you are.'—New York Press.

Butter Sellers Firm in Maintaining Prices.

Considerable Inquiry for June Creamery—Advance in Cheese—Egg Quotations Indicate Firmness of Tone on All Products—Other Offerings in New England's Metropolis.

Boston, Sept. 23.—Offerings of fine northern butter were quite moderate and sellers were firm on the basis of 22½¢ for the best lots of Vermont and New Hampshire creamery, in assorted sizes tubs. A fair business was done on this basis, but only a small portion of the receipts was good enough to command over 22 cents.

The ruling price for western extra creamery, in assorted sizes tubs, was 21 cents, and in large ash 20½ cents. To bring this rate the quality had to be all right. There has been considerable inquiry for June creamery, and the movement last week from cold storage was quite large, aggregating a little over 10,000 tubs.

Jobbers reported fair trade Thursday, and pretty full prices were obtained. On a rising market, such as we have at present, there is not much difference between wholesale and jobbing rates, but buyers who take only a few tubs at a time cannot sell at the wholesale price without losing their profit. The top prices for tubs were 22½¢ to 23 cents, and for boxes, 21 cents; but for grades under the best there was the usual wide range.

The statement of the Quincy Market Cold Storage company for the week is as follows: Put in, 825 tubs; taken out, 10,012 tubs; stock, 161,058 tubs, against 183,357 tubs same time last year. For the corresponding week last year 5191 tubs were put in and 8465 tubs taken out. The Eastern Cold Storage company holds 12,551 tubs, and this added to the Quincy's stock makes a total of 173,609 tubs, 10,178 tubs less than the same time last year.

CHEESE AND EGGS.

The improved feeling noticed last week has been followed by a more active market and an advance of about ½ cent per pound. Buyers have not fully responded to the rise, but the cheese coming in this week cost that much more and the quality is better. Receivers are not offering their best under 10½ cents, and some are holding for 10½ to 11 cents. Stocks are small and the advanced prices will probably be obtained.

Eggs are firm: Refrigerators, 14½¢; 15½¢; western fresh, 15½¢; Michigan, Indiana, 17½¢; eastern, 15½¢; nearby and fancy 21¢ to 23¢; jobbing, 14¢ more.

FLOUR AND MEAL.

The demand for flour has been moderate this week, and prices are little changed, new spring wheat patents selling from \$3.55 to \$4 per barrel. The flour dealers' price committee quotes as follows: Old spring wheat patents at \$4.35 to \$4.50; spring wheat straight at \$3.55 to \$3.70; winter wheat patents at \$3.75 to \$4.25; ter wheat flours at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per bbl. Here there is a good demand for spot oats, and sales of fancy on the track at 33¢ to 35¢; No. 2 and No. 3 clipped at 29½¢ to 31¢; rejected white at 28¢; and no grade at 27¢ per bush. Shippers are very firm for oats and have advanced prices about ½ cent. One fancy 33¢ is quoted, with 31 to 33 lbs at 29¢ to 30¢; 32 to 33 lbs at 30 to 30½¢; and 34 to 35 lbs at 30½ to 31¢ per bush.

There is a fair demand for spot corn and prices are firm at 25¢ for No. 2 yellow and 23½¢ for steam yellow. Shippers are firm for corn to arrive and quote Chicago No. 2 yellow at 27½¢ to 28¢; and No. 3 yellow at 27¢ to 27½¢.

Bran is quoted at \$1.25 for spring and \$1.20 for winter. Middlings range from \$1.25 for spring up to \$1.50 for winter. Mixed feed at \$1.55 to \$1.50. Red dog flour at \$18. Cottonseed meal at \$21.50 per ton, to arrive, and linseed meal at \$24. The best hay is selling fairly at \$13.50 per ton, and some holders ask \$11. Common grades dull at \$9 to \$10 per ton. Corn meal is quiet, with sales at 74¢ to 76¢ per bag, and \$1.70 to \$1.75 per bbl. Oatmeal steady at \$12 to \$14 for cut and \$3.00 to \$4 for rolled and ground. Granulated and bottled meal at \$2.10 to \$2.25. Rye flour at \$2.75 to \$3 per bbl. Graham flour at \$2.25 to \$4, as to quality.

POTATOES AND BEANS.

The demand for potatoes is good and choice rose and helons sell at 25¢ to 30¢ per bush. Sweet potatoes in liberal supply, and prices range from 12 to 22¢ per bbl.

Prices for beans are steady, with a slight demand. We quote choice marrow pea at \$1.25 to \$1.35; medium, \$1.25 to \$1.30; extra yellow eyes, \$1.40 to \$1.45; and red kidneys, \$1.50 to \$1.55 per bush. All at large lots.

LIVESTOCK MARKET.

Beef has sold well of late, with a firmer market, especially on the best beef. Quotations are very steady: choice steers, 75¢; good steers, 84¢; 82¢; light and cows, 74¢ to 80¢; extra heavy hinds, 112¢ to 120¢; good hinds, 104¢ to 110¢; light hinds, 102¢ to 110¢; heavy cows, 60¢ to 64¢; good, 54¢; light, 52¢; backs, 74¢ to 76¢; raffles, 142¢ to 144¢; chunks, 54¢ to 56¢; short ribs, 112¢ to 120¢; rounds, 74¢ to 80¢; rumps, 124¢ to 126¢; rumps and loins, 140¢ to 145¢; loins, 154¢ to 156¢. The arrivals amounted to 411 cars for Boston and 113 cars for export, a total of 231 cars; preceding week, 141 cars for Boston and 117 cars for export, a total of 233 cars; same week a year ago, 135 cars for Boston and 103 cars for export, a total of 210 cars.

Muttons and lambs are fairly sustained, with a very fair trade. Veals are quite well sustained on rather smaller arrivals. Spring lambs, 92¢ to 94¢; Brighton and fancy, 101¢ to 103¢; muttons, 68¢ to 70¢; Brighton and fancy muttons, 74¢ to 76¢; veals, 84¢ to 86¢; fancy and Brighton, 96¢ to 98¢.

The poultry market is well sold up on feed, with the position a little firmer. Fresh is not very plenty, and good lots bring full quotations: Turkeys, 10¢ to 10½¢; chickens, fresh, 15¢ to 16¢; 10¢ to 11¢; fowls, fresh, 12¢ to 13¢; 10¢ to 11¢; live fowls, 24¢ to 25¢; live chickens, 10¢ to 11¢; green ducks, 104¢ to 110¢.

Tallow oil is unchanged. Tallow is easy. Bulk tallow, 34¢ to 36¢; tallow oil, 42¢ to 44¢.

New York, Sept. 20.—Tallow quiet. City, 34¢; country, 34¢ to 35¢.

IN HUB MARKETS.

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